

[5.]

A  
PROSPECT  
OF THE  
NAVY ROYAL:  
OR, A  
Panegyrique upon the Fleet:  
Humbly Addressed to the Most Illustrious  
PRINCE RUPERT,  
Upon the Occasion of his going as  
A D M I R A L  
TO THE  
S E A,  
the 23 day of April, 1673.  
With a Description of the  
F L E E T.



London, Printed in the Year 1673.

THE END OF THE DAY.

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A  
PROSPECT  
OF THE  
NAVY ROYAL.

While I, in pleasing Melancholly sat,  
Reflecting on this Islands happy state ;  
When, from the top of an aspiring Tower,  
I view'd at once, it's *Beauty* and it's *Power* ;  
Pleas'd to behold how safe we are from harm,  
Embrac'd by *Thetis* kind, and Clasping arm :  
Blest Isle said I, and full of Natures Pride,  
So *Beautiful* and so well *Fortifi'd* ;  
At last my Unrestrained Senses strove  
Farther, than Nature gave them strength, to rove :  
My eyes a lavish freedom I allow'd,  
Which nothing cou'd confine, but *Sea*, or *Cloud*,  
Until, at length, where *Skies*, and *VVaters* met,  
Where these did seem to *Rise*, and those to *Set* ;  
At first a *Leafless VVood* began to appear,  
But strait it Undeceiv'd me, and drew near ;  
So that my wonder Ceas't, as it Begun,  
And my *Slow Thoughts* were, by my *Sight*, Out-run ;  
Which soon presented to me such a Fleet,  
*Few Nations* ever *Saw*, and *None* dare *Meet*.

A hundred *Moving Castles* floating came,  
 That seem'd the Winds to *Calm*, and Seas to *Tame*;  
 Each *Swelling Sail* the baffled storm *Out-braves*,  
 And makes the *Ships* look *Prouder* than the *Waves*:  
 Now the *Enlarged Oak*, whose *Fettered Foot*,  
 Had many years, been *Prisoner* to it's *Root*,  
 Gratefully brings new *Tributes*, to that *Earth*,  
 Which gave it both it's *Liberty*, and *Birth*;  
 Joyful in storms, rememb'ring that it knew  
*More Danger*, in *Less Tempests*, while it *Grew*:  
 And thanks the *Axe*, that did commit that *Rape*,  
 To *Cut it Down*, and *Give't a Nobler shape*.  
 These are the *Arks*, that save us from the *Flood*,  
 Which else might *Overwhelm* our Land with *Blood*:  
 These *Guard* our *Prince* from Villanies *Fatal Stroke*,  
 And every *Man of War's* a ROYAL OAKE.

The *Grecian Horse*, although it's womb contain'd  
 Heroick souls, whose courage was unstain'd,  
 Might long before the *Trojan Walls* have stay'd,  
 Had not the *Enemy Themselves* betray'd :  
 They first their own destruction did begin,  
 And *Made a way*, to *Let* their *Ruine in*:  
 But these *Sea-Horses*, by the *English* backt,  
 Do *Truths*, beyond those Grecian *Fables* act:  
 Our *Moving Forts*, with ease, themselves *Transplant*:  
 Proving the *Castle*, and the *Elephant*.  
 We make a way to be *Victorius*, where  
 Base *Fraud* did never in our glory share:

And

And fairly Conquer all we do oppose,  
So we not only Beat, but *Win* our Foes.

Mark now these *Monarchs* of the spacious *Main*,  
Each seems Attended with a glorious *Train*:  
The streaming Pendants dally with the Galis,  
They in like manner court the prouder Sails :  
*Below*, the steady *Keels* the Waves divide :  
*Aloft*, the *Masts* display their wanton *Pride* :  
*Aboard*, the Jocund Seamen pleasant are :  
Yet, in the *Midst* of Mirth, *Prepar'd* for War.  
They are not *Tyr'd* with a long tedious *March*,  
Nor does the scorching *Sun*, their bodies *Parch* :  
No *Luggage*, there, is to new quarters sent,  
Their *Tent* do's *Carry them*, not they their *Tent* :  
They weary not their Limbs by carrying Arms,  
Nor in their *Sleeps*, disturb'd by Strange *Alarms* :  
They're always *Fit*, always *Prepar'd* to fight,  
And never See the *Foe*, but with delight.  
Now Veiw the Royal Charles, before the rest,  
Proud that they are with such a Leader blest,  
Her Virgin-self so freely has resign'd,  
To him that's grown the *Terror* of *Man-Kind* ;  
The *Matchless Prince*, who, midst the powerful *Foe*,  
Dares *Doe*, whatever she dares *Undergo* :  
Before his *Own*, *Her Safety* he'l *Prefer*,  
And rather chuse to lose *Himself* than *Her*.  
Have you observ'd at some great *Monarchs Court*,  
Where People of *All Qualities* resort,

How they pay *Homage*, in their *Several Spheres*:  
 Knights do give place to Lords, and Lords to Peers;  
 But when they come before the Regal Throne,  
 No man is Honour'd but the King alone:  
 So here, we see all the well order'd Fleet,  
 With humble Flag, their Admiral do greet:  
 And seem with joyful shouts, and smiles to say,  
 "This is the Charles and Princes wedding day."

Old Poets feign, when *Jason* went from *Greece*,  
 Hoping to *steal*, not *win*, the *Golden Fleece*,  
 That the *small ship*, wherein he safely went,  
 As a *gay Present*, to the gods was sent:  
 But had the *Actions* of our *Prince* been told,  
 What *Prizes* he has *won* more rich than *Gold*:  
 How many *VVaking Dragons* he has *slain*,  
 He might be thought to *meru* what they *Feign*:  
 And having *Fingh'd* the successful *War*,  
 His *Charles* might well deserve to be a *Star*:  
 So a new *constelation* should we gain,  
 If *Rupert's Ship* were joyn'd to *Charles his VVain*.

But see, amidst that *Vast and Royal Town*,  
 Others, that bear's *Alliance* to the *Crown*:  
 The *Sovereign* and the *Prince*, two *sisters* are,  
 Who've *Lost* their *Maidenheads* already those;  
*Ravish'd* by *Bona*, whom they *refused* so,  
 As in the *strife*, it affect their *Overthow*:  
 And the *Redoubled Honour*, they brought thence,  
 Became at once their *Praise* and *Recompence*.

To reckon all your Hero's, that do fight  
 For the true Neptunes (Mighty Charles's) right :  
 To sing of all the Battles they have won,  
 Of what they have endur'd, and what they've done,  
 Alas ! what Pen, what Volumes would suffice,  
 To write, what written, needs must pass for lies,  
 My Quill would undergo Cassandra's grief,  
 To utter Truths, and yet not gain belief :  
 I should all Poets Fictions farr out doe,  
 Which, with my truths compar'd, would all seem true.

But stay --- Methinks the Caverns of the Oak,  
 Send forth (like Etna) Sulpher, Fire, and Smoak :  
 Which, follow'd by a harmony of noys,  
 Seem to express the Seamen's doubled joys :  
 'T is even so, the Mighty Prince appears,  
 And chases thence (already banish'd) fears :  
 So, when the Ever youthful Prince of Light,  
 'Has well disclo'd, the Eyelids of the Night,  
 The Drooping Flowers erect their pensive heads,  
 Shaking their Dew, upon their Earthly-beds :  
 And while he courts them all in Amorous Rays,  
 Each, greedy of a Kiss, her leaves displays  
 Until they see th' espoused Heliotrope,  
 To whom they all resign their Widow'd Hope :  
 Thus fares it with our Prince, each Frigate runs  
 To meet, and welcome him with Pearls of Guns :  
 Cowards whose pond'rous Soul so low was sunk,  
 That they durst scarce exchange a cuff, though drunk ;  
 Do neither fear the Dutch, the Rocks, nor Shelves,  
 For they are petty Princes, now themselves,  
 Toutcht with Magnetick vertue, every soul  
 Turns to the Prince, as to their Northern Pole :

Who

Who *Shines* on all the *Ships* with *equal light*,  
 And none can *Guess* which is his *Favourite*,  
 Till caught at last by *Charles's Nuptial Charms*,  
 Briskly he runs into her *Loyal Arms*,  
 So that no *hostile Stratagems*, or *Force*,  
 Shall him from her, or her from him *Divorce*.

Thus did I please my *Fancy*, and my *Sight*,  
 The *One* with *Wonder*, th' *Other* with *Delight*;  
 Passing, in solitude, the short liv'd *Hours*,  
 While ev'ry *Lust* the *Latter* still *Devours*:  
 When *Ten* were *Past*, I scarcely thought'em *One*,  
 As if *Old Time* had for a *Wager Run*.  
 Till by, and by, the Sun Declin'd apace,  
 Seeming in *Hast* to *Wash* his *Ruddy Face*.  
 But, as he passes by our *Navy*, see  
 He bows his *Head*, and *Once more Courts a Tree*.

Go glorious Fleet, go on, and though *black Night*  
 Ha's *Ravish'd thee* from my unhappy *Sight*:  
 Yet, shall my eyes send forth a *Briny Flood*,  
 Whence I will *Launch* out *Prayers* for thy good :  
 A *Gust* of powerful sighs shall *drive* them on,  
 Their *Have n* shall be the *Eternal Throne*.  
 Where, if they e'r arrive, they'll humbly crave,  
 That in *Just Wars* thou *Good Success* may'st have.

May our Prince *Finish* what he do's *begin*,  
 May he *Survive*, the Battails he do's *win* :  
 Our *Nations* farther *Safeguard* may he be,  
 And may we Conquer both by *Land* and *Sea* :  
 May C H A R L E S our King his enemies *defeat* ;  
 And ever be as *Happy* as he's *Great*.  
*F I N I S.*

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